

HIGHSTRUNG NORTHERN FISH.

Some That Rarely Become Tame or Cease to Become Restless in Captivity.

"The theory that climatic conditions are largely responsible for the enterprise and activity of the American people finds contemporary demonstration in the lower orders of animals, and particularly among the fish," said a scientist who has made a close study of the collection in the New York aquarium.

"All of the game fish," he said, "the fighters, the highstrung, nervous fellows, like the brook trout, the black bass and their only slightly less strenuous brother, the pike, are northern fish. In only rare instances do these fish become tame or remain restless in captivity. They have the keen spirit of American enterprise in them."

"On the other hand, the quiet, easy-going fish are nearly all from tropical waters. Of course, there are exceptions from muddy habitats, but all of the brilliant-hued, gaudy fish are from the tropics. They are calm and quiet, and after a short time in captivity become so tame as to eat food fearlessly from the hands of the keepers."

"The two classes," continued the scientist, according to the New York Mail and Express, "are like the nations of the north and south—one alive and keen, and the other beautiful to look upon and romantic, but lazy and useful only for decorative purposes."

DISLIKES MISSIONARIES.

King Menelek Would Rather Have Them Remain Outside His Boundary Lines.

King Menelek, the native ruler of Abyssinia, never fancied Christianity or those who endeavor to propagate it, says an exchange. He is of the opinion that the orthodox faith is good enough for his subjects, and therefore those who go thither with the object of spreading the doctrines of the Roman Catholic or Protestant church think it advisable to say that their sole object is to convert Hebrews and pagans.

This was what a Swedish missionary recently said when Menelek, before whom he was summoned, inquired as to the object of his visit. When he heard it the ruler asked:

"What countries were you obliged to cross in order to come here?"

"Germany, Egypt and the Soudan," replied the missionary.

"And were you not able to find in Germany any Hebrews whom you might have converted?" asked Menelek.

The missionary was obliged to admit that he had seen many Hebrews in Germany.

"Well," said Menelek, "first convert the Hebrews and pagans in Germany and then come here and convert us."

An hour later the disappointed missionary was being conducted to the frontier by Abyssinian soldiers.

THE WOMAN PEDDLER.

She Can Do Much Better Handling Household Articles Than Trying to Sell Books.

"Any woman who can talk at all," said a school-teacher who, according to the New York Times, had tried book canvassing and given it up in despair, "can interest a housekeeper in labor-saving appliances. The woman who does her own housework will give attention to anything that will save her a pain in the back or aching arms. But she will not talk to men about such things. When I lost my place as teacher in a public school, I tried book peddling. Oh, the women I called upon would invite me in and talk to me readily enough. That was the trouble. They would tell me their family history and their troubles, and then lead me to the door with the sorrowful assertion that they never had any time to read, they were so busy. So I gave up books and took up little time and labor saving articles in the way of egg beaters, potato parers, can openers and cheap little articles such as women seldom see except at food shows. A stove lifter is a most salable article. I keep watch for anything new in this direction and then go the rounds. I have several regular customers, who bring me a good commission on things that I buy for their dining-room and kitchen."

AMERICA'S TOBACCO BILL.

Retail Value of the Output of Cigars, Cigarettes, Etc., Is Placed at \$500,000,000 a Year.

The trust has gone into the manufacture of cigars. It has been in business less than two years and during the past 12 months it produced about a billion cigars. As the total production of the country is approximately 7,000,000,000 this represents a very fair amount of business for an infant concern. This has been a period of remarkable expansion in the cigar trade, however, and the production of the American Cigar company represents just about the increase for the year, so that the new enterprise has not interfered seriously with the independent manufacturers, says Leslie's Monthly.

The enormous extent of the tobacco business in America may be realized from the fact that 7,000,000,000 cigars, 3,000,000,000 cigarettes, and 250,000,000 pounds of manufactured tobacco and 15,000,000 pounds of snuff are produced every year. The retail value of all the smoking and chewing tobacco, in its various forms, approaches \$500,000,000 annually. It is indeed a business of royal proportions, and its control is worth fighting for.

The Fatal Blow

THE name of Castlereagh is one of the proudest in the annals of English history, yet there is a tragic chapter, and a closing chapter, too, wherein we have depicted the fact that the passions, and the results to which they lead, are confined to no single class of social life, but are common to high and low alike.

In his old age the proud Lord Castlereagh espoused a beautiful lady, young enough to be his daughter, and whose extreme loveliness of person was the theme of her day. Though proud of this extraordinary attractiveness, and himself fully acknowledging its power over the eye and the heart, yet it was destined to be a source of endless disquiet and misery to the proud old noble. He could not but realize within himself the great incongruity of their union, and this soon inspired him with doubts and suspicions. The fact that these were of the most unjust character mattered not to him. The "fine mad devil" of jealousy reigned in his breast, and no reason could exorcise the fiend.

He felt ashamed of this, for he realized that no passion is more base or seeks more to hide itself. It is so ignominious that we blush to acknowledge it even to ourselves—a passion which must be either strangled in its birth, or it will soon assume such strength and proportions as to be even too powerful for truth itself. Lord Castlereagh thought it impossible that he could fix the attention and affection of his wife, and equally impossible that she could remain insensible to the attentions of younger men, so he set himself the unenviable task of watching her.

Lady Castlereagh was a person of lofty character, great pride of birth, and, above all, incapable of premeditated wrong or falsehood. But she found her position to be a very trying one, for she could not be blind to the jealousy of her husband. Conscious, however, of not meriting his disapproval in the slightest degree, she maintained the even tenor of her life, trying to ignore the weakness of her husband's character. Such beauty could not remain unrecognized. That was not to be expected, but, beyond the point of true respect, no admirer ever paid homage to her ladyship.

Among the personal friends of both herself and her husband was the duke of Cambridge, whose admiration, always open and respectful for Lady Castlereagh, was yet entirely undisguised, as it was tainted by no sentiment which rendered



HIS FURY KNEW NO BOUNDS.

secrecy necessary. The acquaintance existing between them, however, was a source of intense disquiet to the husband, and he went so far as to forbid her to receive him at all. This was an absurd prohibition, which it was quite impossible for her to obey, no less on her husband's account than on that of her own sense of propriety.

One evening Lord Castlereagh, on entering his wife's salon, felt convinced that she had not been entirely alone, and asked her in a most excited and angry manner if she had received any visitor. For a moment, so terrified was the lady at his violent manner and the suddenness of the demand, that she forgot the native truthfulness of her character, and resorted to falsehood.

It was a terrible mistake, for she had done nothing wrong. The lie was a fatal one.

"You say there has been no one here?" he reiterated, with his face flushed in anger.

"No one, my lord."

"It is false!" he replied.

"My lord!"

"I say it is false, as false as your own dark heart," he replied, hoarsely.

"My lord!" she could only say, trembling.

"What is that?" he asked, as he pointed to a riding-whip lying upon the couch.

"A—" she hesitated.

"Enough; you need not add to the lie," he said, bitterly, as he took up the whip and examined it.

The lady stood with downcast eyes. "Do you know these arms?" he asked, pointing to the golden ornament on the handle.

"Yes."

"Whose house do they represent?" he continued, though he knew very well.

"That of the duke of Cambridge."

It was enough. His fury knew no bounds. He seized the riding-whip and gave his wife a blow across her shoulder with it; here his anger halted. The blow was really nothing in its physical effects, but it was fatal morally. Both

wife and husband were surprised. It was the passionate act of a single instant, and as quickly regretted. Lord Castlereagh was ashamed of the manner in which he had given way to his maddening jealousy. It was the hand of a ruffian which had been lifted against the wife—it was the hand of the gentleman that now opened and dropped that tiny instrument upon the floor.

"You struck me!" said his wife.

"I did," he replied, with half-averted face.

"Good-day, my lord!" she said, leaving the room.

He bowed his head thoughtfully, but did not answer her, and stood there until a servant came to announce his carriage, which had been ordered some time before.

Lord Castlereagh drove at once to the Parliament house, and, as usual, took his seat, though several of his friends observed that he seemed quite absorbed and absent in manner. He did not appear to notice what was going on about him, and failed to respond even to remarks which were addressed to him by passing friends. A violent invective launched against the ministry by one of the opposite members, found him, who was usually so prompt and fiery in debate, now silent and motionless.

"What is the matter?" asked one.

"His lordship is ill!" said another.

"He would otherwise never let such remarks by the opposition pass unanswered," said a third.

"He must be ill," said the first speaker.

He sat thus absorbed all through the debate, and made no sign of having heard a word of it. From the Parliament house he went to the royal levee, and there the strangeness of his conduct was also the cause of general remark, the cause being attributed to ill health. His wife, who, under ordinary circumstances would have met him there, did not appear on this particular occasion, which was also the cause of particular remark, as Lady Castlereagh was a great favorite among the courtiers, and the first of the royal guests, when present. Her brilliant and elegant person was ever the center of an admiring circle.

Her absence, therefore, taken in connection with the singular taciturnity of his lordship, gave rise to some gossip, in which there was just a possible suggestion of the truth, though not in its worst form. A possible fit of jealousy was surmised, but its serious character was divined by no one, nor would anyone have dared to address him upon so delicate a matter.

Lord Castlereagh did not remain long among the gay throng. Every note of music and every echo of gay laughter jarred upon his sensitive nerves with terrible discord. Excusing himself in due form to the hostess of the occasion, he took an early leave of the assembly halls.

Returning home, he sought the retirement of his private room, where his attendants heard him walking restlessly for an hour or more, until finally the door was locked on the inside, a signal which the servants construed to be a dismissal from further attendance.

Here the old lord was found on the following morning, dead!

His reason had become disordered by the bitter sense of remorse for his ungentlemanly action toward his wife. That blow, though it fell but lightly upon her person, was a fatal one to him. He had taken a penknife, opened his jugular vein, and bled to death. A sad termination of an eventful life.—N. Y. Weekly.

LOOKING BEYOND.

Am I growing old when my heart can wake
To the joy of a perfect day?
Can I happily laugh as the white clouds
break.

And scatter and float away?

Not growing old—oh no! oh no!
But bearing the time when the gleam and
the glow

Of an endless day will illumine me so
That youth shall be mine alway.

Am I growing old when the song of a bird
Can thrill me with tremulous joy,
Can wake in my heart a music not heard
By others, which naught can destroy?

Not growing old, but nearing the bound
Of a wonderful land, where the echoing
sound
Of the soul of all music forever is found,
And happiness knows no alloy.

Am I growing old when the dews can weave
A spell to dazzle my sight,
And charm my heart till they thrill and
leave

In my breast a dream of delight?

Not growing old, but nearing the shore
Where friends, now parted, shall part no
more.

When a Light that is fadeless shall cover
me o'er
Till it leaves no shadow of night.

—Mrs. May Anderson Hawkins, in Christian Work.

Weird Electrical Feat.

To talk through a human body—or a row of human bodies, for the matter of that—is one of the weirdest of the electrician's feats. If a telephone wire be severed and the two ends be held by a person, one in each hand, but far apart, it is quite possible for two individuals to carry on a conversation through the body of a medium as readily and as distinctly as if the line had been properly connected.

The Remarkable Thing About It.

There is a man in a Russian hospital who has papers to show that he is 200 years old. His age isn't as remarkable, however, says the Chicago Record-Herald, as the fact that he doesn't claim to have smoked tobacco and guzzled whisky all his life.

L. & N. Rates.

Low rates to Louisville via the L. & N., March 11 and 13, account grand spectacular performance of Ben Hur, at Macanley's Theatre, the greatest play on the modern stage. The rate for the round-trip from Paris will be but \$2.65. Tickets sold at above rates will be good going only on the morning trains and are limited for return day following date of sale. Tickets for the performance will cost \$2.00 per seat on all lower floor and \$1.50 and \$1.00 per seat in balcony. Seats can be secured through local Agents upon deposit with him of above amount, and patrons at local points will be given preference on purchase of seats in advance. Seats should be ordered as soon as possible.

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CHESAPEAKE & OHIO RY.

TIME TABLE.

IN EFFECT JULY 27, 1902.

EAST BOUND.
Lv Louisville. 8:30am 6:00pm
Lv Lexington. 11:00am 8:40pm
Lv Lexington. 11:20am 8:45pm 8:55am 5:50pm
Lv Winchester. 11:57am 9:18pm 8:58am 6:30pm
Ar Mt. Sterling. 12:25pm 9:45pm 9:25am 7:05pm
Ar Washington. 3:30am 3:30pm
Ar Philadelphia. 8:50am 7:07pm
Ar New York. 11:15am 9:15pm

WEST BOUND.
Ar Winchester. 7:05am 4:38pm 6:22am 2:45pm
Ar Lexington. 7:45am 5:10pm 7:00am 3:30pm
Ar Frankfort. 9:09am 6:14pm
Ar Shelbyville. 10:01am 7:00pm
Ar Louisville. 10:20am 8:00pm

Trains marked thus † run daily except Sunday; other trains run daily.

Through Sleepers between Louisville, Lexington and New York without change.

For rates, Sleeping Car reservations or any information call on

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Agent L. & N. R. R., Paris, Ky.,
or, GEORGE W. BARNEY,
Div. Pass. Agent, Lexington, Ky.

Frankfort & Cincinnati Railway.

"THE MIDLAND ROUTE."

LOCAL TIME CARD

IN EFFECT JANUARY 26, 1903.

P.M.	A.M.	DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.	A.M.	P.M.
8:45	8:25	Frankfort "A"	11:20	7:15
2:00	6:50	Steadmantown	11:13	7:06
2:06	6:58	Elkhorn	11:07	7:00
2:11	7:03	Switzer	11:01	6:54
2:17	7:09	Stamping Ground	10:56	6:49
2:23	7:15	Duval	10:50	6:43
2:29	7:21	Johnson	10:44	6:37
2:35	7:27	Georgetown	10:38	6:31
2:41	7:33	U. Depot "B"	10:32	6:25
2:47	7:39	Newtown	10:26	6:19
2:53	7:45	Centerville	10:20	6:13
2:59	7:51	Elizabeth	10:14	6:07
3:05	7:57	Paris	10:08	6:01
3:11	8:03	U. Depot "C"	10:02	5:55
3:17	8:09		9:56	5:49
3:23	8:15		9:50	5:43
3:29	8:21		9:44	5:37
3:35	8:27		9:38	5:31
3:41	8:33		9:32	5:25
3:47	8:39		9:26	5:19

Connects at Georgetown Union Depot with G. & C.
Connects at Paris Union Depot with Kentucky Central.
Connects at Frankfort Union Depot with L. & N.

BETWEEN FRANKFORT & CINCINNATI VIA GEORGETOWN.

P.M.	A.M.	P.M.
2:00	6:50	Frankfort
2:06	6:58	Georgetown
2:11	7:03	Cincinnati
2:17	7:09	
2:23	7:15	
2:29	7:21	
2:35	7:27	
2:41	7:33	
2:47	7:39	
2:53	7:45	
2:59	7:51	
3:05	7:57	
3:11	8:03	
3:17	8:09	
3:23	8:15	
3:29	8:21	
3:35	8:27	
3:41	8:33	
3:47	8:39	

BETWEEN FRANKFORT & CINCINNATI VIA PARIS.

P.M.	A.M.	P.M.
2:00	6:50	Frankfort
2:06	6:58	Georgetown
2:11	7:03	Paris
2:17	7:09	Winchester
2:23	7:15	Maysville
2:29	7:21	Cynthiana
2:35	7:27	Richmond
2:41	7:33	
2:47	7:39	
2:53	7:45	
2:59	7:51	
3:05	7:57	
3:11	8:03	
3:17	8:09	
3:23	8:15	
3:29	8:21	
3:35	8:27	
3:41	8:33	
3:47	8:39	

KENTUCKY CENTRAL R. R. POINTS.

P.M.	A.M.	P.M.
2:00	6:50	Frankfort
2:06	6:58	Georgetown
2:11	7:03	Paris
2:17	7:09	Winchester
2:23	7:15	Maysville
2:29	7:21	Cynthiana
2:35	7:27	Richmond
2:41	7:33	
2:47	7:39	
2:53	7:45	
2:59	7:51	
3:05	7:57	
3:11	8:03	
3:17	8:09	
3:23	8:15	
3:29	8:21	
3:35	8:27	
3:41	8:33	
3:47	8:39	

GEO. B. HARPER, D. W. LINDSEY, JR.,
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RAILROAD TIME CARD.

LOUISVILLE AND NASHVILLE.

Arrival of Trains at Paris:

From Cincinnati—10:58 am; 5:38 pm
9:45 pm.
From Lexington—5:11 am; 7:45 am;
3:33 pm; 6:10 pm.
From Richmond—5:05 am; 7:50 am;
3:18 pm.

From Maysville—7:40 am; 3:15 pm.
Departure of Trains from Paris:

To Cincinnati—5:15 am; 7:55 am;
3:30 pm.
To Lexington—7:50 am; 11:05 am;
5:40 pm; 9:49 pm.
To Richmond—11:10 am; 6:38 pm;
9:51 pm.

To Maysville—8:00 am; 6:20 pm.
F. B. CARR, Agent.

FRANKFORT AND CINCINNATI.

Arr from Frankfort—8:30 am; 3:25 pm.
Lve for Frankfort—9:30 am; 5:42 pm.
All F. & C. trains arrive and depart from L. & N. Station.

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